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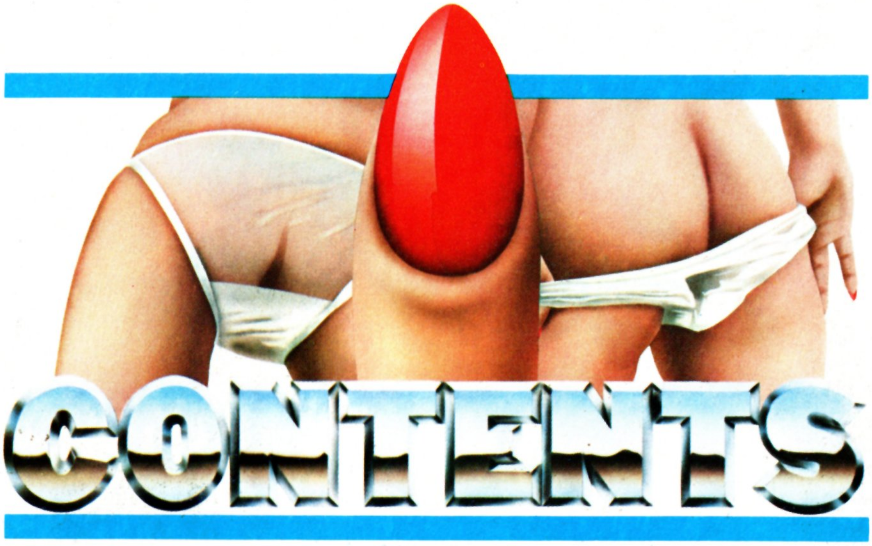

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Great Moments in SEX

BETWEEN Lovers

With
Cheri LeBlanc,
Jessie St James,
John Leslie,
Joey Silvera,
Georgina Spelvin,
Adriane Bellaire,
Wendy Walker, Mai Lin.
Produced by Margo Auerbach.
Directed by Henri Pachard.

When a woman has two men she can count on to spread her sexual dimensions, you'd think that would be enough. If a guy has, you would think he might have a short happy life. So what is new about the woman and her live out lover? Mai Lin is in the sack with husband, John Leslie, and they have the misfortune to be caught in the routine act of suck me and fuck me sex by wife, Jesie St James.

Well in this modern age (Jesie is a successful designer) what is a woman to do but catch for herself some star-crossed lover who will be bug-eyed by her boobs, transposed by her twitching cunt and realize that her designs are something more than what ends up on the cutting table.

By now there is a hint that the writer has been watching too many convoluted TV plots, and Jesie marries her lover. Fuck, in these films why get married and interfere with what could be a great relationship? So we now have bigamy. Well, you can fast forward if you get this for a home video.

The plot takes on more circles, forgetting every once in a while that it has to get out of the way for pure unadulterated sex. When it does stop to let the fucking take over there is a lesson to be learned for even some of the most experienced among us.

If you want an excuse to say that you went to see a porn flick because of the story, this may be your excuse. You may not always know what's going on, but you sure as hell won't have any doubt about what's being taken off. The cum spurts to show you it's for real. The tongues lap and the pubes are wet and glistening . . . and then you have to go back to the plot again. Well, it's not so bad, I suppose, for those who like to have something else to think about while the crew is warming up in the pit.

There's enough sex for the jaded, sufficient bending ass and flowing, floundering ass too (although they don't flounder as much as the plot). But that may be enough for anyone who's had to sigh through the thighs of delight and get ready for the orgy at the same time.♣

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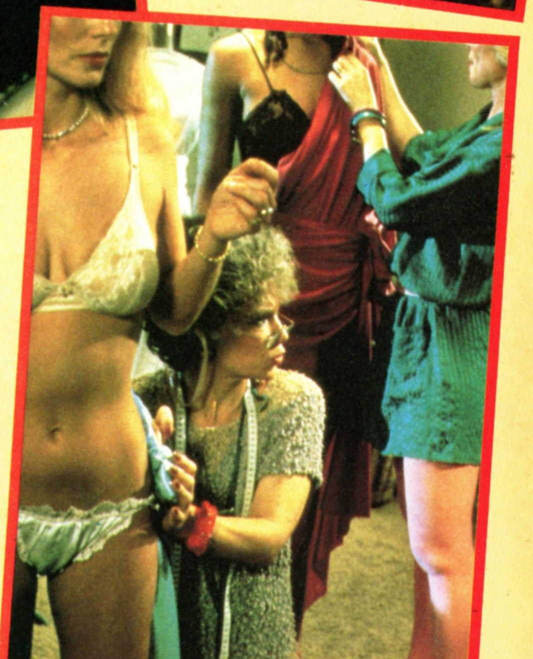

GLITTER

With Shauna Grant, Kelly Nichols, Marlene Willoughby, Jerry Butler, Tiffany Clark, Joanna Storm, Michael Knight, Tish Ambrose.
Produced and directed by Roberta Finflay.

Shakespeare said: "All that glisters is not . . ." etc., but did you know that "get thee to a nunnery" meant to join a whorehouse?

Well, *Glitter* is an advertising agency and to some, that profession is in a tie with the world's oldest profession. And when a young innocent (male) inherits an ad agency, quicker than you can unzip a greased fly, he is thrust into a way of life where to market an account means finding out who has the fastest mouth in town. After all, there must be some reason why the preliminary designs are called layouts!

And so young David meets the Goliath which is the ad business, and turns from a shy young thing into a fuckmaster, along with the aspiring models. He finds himself in a life of fast talkers, fat cats and dolls with mouths that are just waiting to suck in the love juices of the man who's paying the bill, or fucking the man who can get to the man who pays the bill.

A neophyte to business and sex, young David slings his shot often, coming here and coming there, hurling his manly essences into the asses and mouths of some of the most willing types who have ever been set upon by human hand.

There's a girl of every font, a place for every mock-up, and the wrath of the young female he has temporarily forgotten who turns from a young innocent to a dominating, ball-breaking bitch.

But to get ahead in this business you have to give a little and take a lot. It's all here in the glitter of the business that follows a trail of spilled juices from Madison Avenue to Hollywood and Vine, with stopovers in between – in between legs and boobs and gaps in the tooth – plucking the pube hairs out as one whistles the tune of success.

And David overcums all, as he should, this being in the spirit of American success. Ah, it's a mad, mad, mad world of entertainment and fucking for a buck.♣

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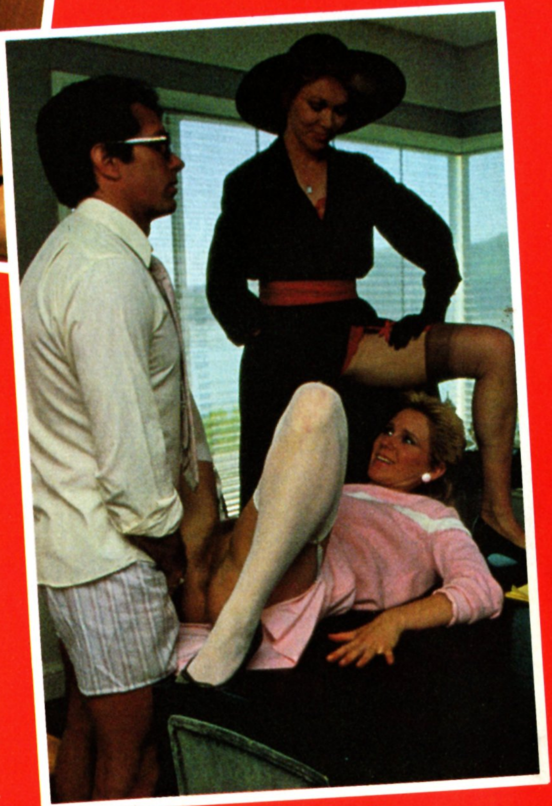
Great Moments in SEX

HER WICKED WAYS

With
Jessie St. James,
Joanna Storm,
Janey Robins,
Shelley Rey, Tiger
and Paul Thomas,
Eric Edwards,
Mike Horner, Jon
Martin, Dave Cannon.
Produced by Jo Ann Lewis.
Directed by Louis Lewis.



There has been something on commercial television which exploited the ruthless, ever hungry for power and sex, fiercest animal of them all – the female of the species. Human species that is.

Never two to let a good thing slide into the asshole of forgotten profits, the Lewises have taken this theme and shown what happens when the TV fades to black.

Here you can see the slithering backsides as the deals are made, and watch the loose tongues finding cunt and cock alike as the deals are consummated. Now you can watch just what a woman has to do to make sure she isn't double crossed. But she can be double fucked, which leaves her with more in her head than just brains, and see how pleasure and profit can coexist in the backroom of the corporate structure.

And intertwining everything are the human structures – the soft mounds of wisdom, the pubic hairs of tangled webs, the spurting cocks of blowhards and the soft, limp assets of the guys left behind (which, incidentally, is not so bad a place to be!).

There are similarities between business and sex, especially in the erotic sensuality of *Her Wicked Ways*. The boardroom and the bedroom are separated by a thin sheet, stock manipulation has the same sort of turn-on as clit cuddling and tongue lapping orgiastic delights can only be attempted by the quick tongues of yes-men and yes-women.

For some men, success in business is the ultimate turn-on. For some women this may also be true. But thankfully this is not the case in *Her Wicked Ways* where the cum, suck me, fuck me, screw me, hold me, come over me, cry out faster than the commodity pit men. Here the commodity is as old as time and the results are the same.

So even if you're not an investor and don't know what the fuck a price earnings ratio is, be sure you'll get high dividends from *Her Wicked Ways* without diminishing the principle. In face *Her Wicked Ways* is almost surely guaranteed to get a rise out of even the timid investor. Don't sell it short. Keep it for the long pull! ♣

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SEX STAR

With Danica Rey, Herschel Savage, Desiree Lane, Kimberly Carson, Diana Kline, Amy Copeland, Lynn Z, Greg Raffner.
Produced and directed by Paul G. Vatelli.

Vatelli as a director may be the Hitchcock of sexual shower scenes. There is a lesbian take off in and out of the shower that not only makes *Sex Star* more than an adult erotic exposition (which it certainly is!), but something that will hold your gut in. This is as great a turn-on in the showers as ever to hit the screen. And if you ever had any doubts as to how one woman turns on another, nothing here leaves it to your imagination.

This is about "porn stars" and their turn-ons and turn-offs, and the way they have to adjust to the real sex around them and the sex before a camera, where fortunately acting is not a necessity.

There is the usual fuck and suck and he and she. And the sex is a steady stream of the most unsubtle but continuous sex about in a long time. A taut ass, a beckoning clit, a quick tongue and some errant stiff cocks are all that are necessary. And the equipment, on the females at least, is some of the best around. The erotica is what makes this go.

The beginning is a sex scene within a film and the three femmes beckoned to an unknown who grunts: "Suck me for salvation." And the poor ol' Danica says she can't get worked up to doing a les scene. She thinks about it and her dream becomes the stuff of reality. Needless to say Danica turns herself on, and then is turned around and on.

If you like sex any which way, you'll find it here. The masturbatory delights are followed through with the ultimate in cock-sucking, and the up and down and grunts and groans are the stuff of which music is made.

The passion flows with the juice of lovemaking, and the cum quick scenes are slowed down enough to make the agony the ecstasy.

This is the "tail" of adjusted inhibitions. For unadulterated sex, *Sex Star* is the Mt. St. Helens of gratifying eruptions. Just watch that "lava" flow! ♣

Available on Home Video

Three into one will go!

So there they are, these three gals, just playing around, having a bit of fun, and then . . . shit! Why does the doorbell always intrude when it's the last sound on Earth you want to hear?

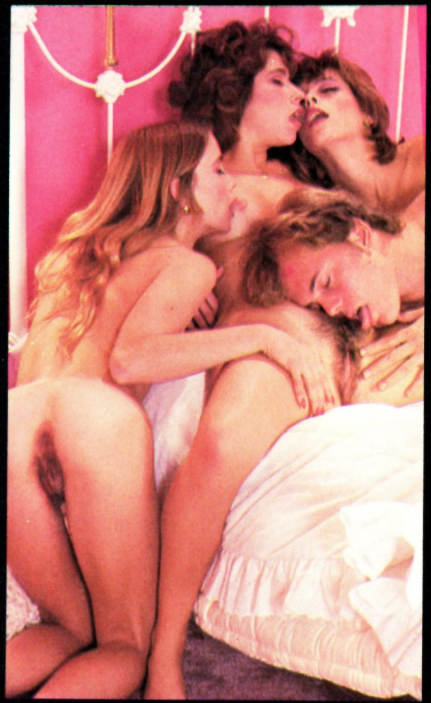
The mood Lisa, Jenny and Laura were in that day, though, they were unanimous in agreeing it was a very welcome interruption indeed.

Peter had only called around to hand in a package which had been delivered to his parents' house around the corner by mistake, but his pants were around his ankles and his prick standing to attention before he could explain his mission.

Not that he was in any rush to do so. The opportunity to lick dry three welcoming, juicy cunts was one he grasped firmly by the tongue.

The pictures tell the rest of the story . . . except for the fact that Peter didn't need to rely on an incompetent postman for his next trip around the block . . . ♣

Photographs by Bob Veze



JESSICA

No wonder the polar bear has his mouth wide open . . . most other guys would open wide at the mere sight of Jessica – and wish like hell she would do the same so they could fill her up with their stiff pride and joy.

Mind you, this sophisticated lady from Manhattan has another opening . . . the door of which she's holding tantalizingly ajar, giving us a glimpse of the *bear* facts . . . ♣

Photographs by R. B. Kane

ONE EYED DICK

One-Eyed Dick

Sir Nigel Dorking

The Countess Velma

Fraulein Inga

Count Rudolf Wurst

By Ian Handler
Photographs by Stanley Accrington

THE STORY SO FAR. One-Eyed Dick, spiritual leader of the Kampaign for a Kleener Amerika and his occasionally loyal cohort, English super-sleuth and sex pervert Sir Nigel Dorking, have been summoned to Wurst Castle, home of newspaper tycoon Count Wilhelm Rudolf Wurst, by Velma, his insatiable teenage bride. Wurst Newspapers are threatened with disruption by sinister political extremists, and Dick – a celebrated collector of Third Reich undergarments – seems made for the job. Now read on . . .

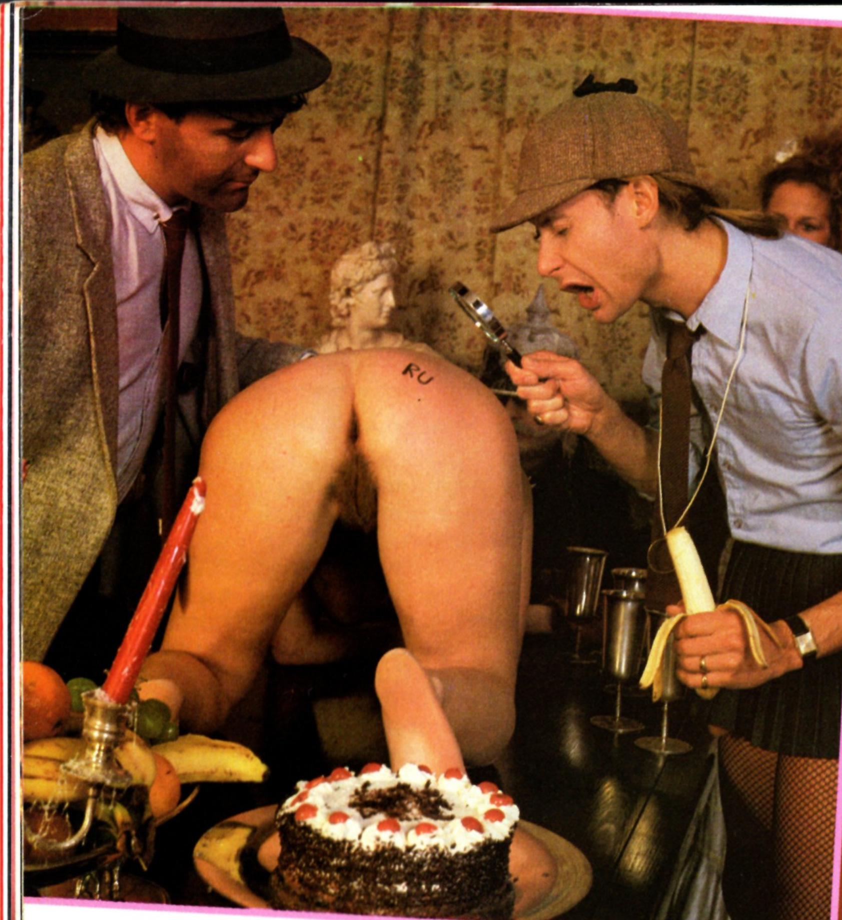
Alright, already I seem to hear you say: "If you're so goddamn clean, how come you're teamed up with that degenerate, drug abusing, Limey sonofabitch Sir Nigel Dorking?" To which I reply: didn't Holmes have Watson? Didn't Iggy have his Stooges? Didn't Hitler have syphilis? Does not a bear shit in the woods? What kind of folk read this garbage, anyhow?

Inga, meanwhile, was sitting naked on the dining table, her gorgeous Bavarian butt stuck bang in the middle of a platter of chocolate cake. It wasn't until Dorking and I had licked her clean that the tattooed initials "RU" could be seen on her snatch.

"RU what?" burbled Dorking, belching and grabbing his seventh stein of bubbling Liebfraumilch from yet another naked, flaxen-haired serving wench. "RU scared of doing it with darkies?"

"Dumbkopf!" shrieked Velma, deftly flicking a Trojan from the cleft of Dorking's leather brassiere with the tip of her bullwhip. "That's the mark of the Reamsters Union!"

"Uh, if Dorking and me are gonna work for you, Count Wilhelm, we're gonna have to establish a workmanlike rapport," I retorted, withdrawing Sir Nigel's prying tongue from my ear. "This flagrant exploitation of sexual minority groups has got to terminate forthwith. Like, Dorking here is the sole surviving English, aristocratic, transvestite, cocaine-addicted rubber freak in the country. All this aggression's



threatening him with extinction."

"My apologies, Mr. Dick. We thought from his appearance that the little rat-fink was heavily into S&M. Velma, put the whip away and wait in the Iron Maiden until I have briefed our guests. Now gentlemen, if Inga would be so good as to remove herself from my table and go and douche, I'll tell you what I require from you and your, er, buddy."

As the Asbach flowed, the full story of Count Wurst's plight was unraveled. It seemed Wurst Newspapers were losing out badly in the circulation war, due in no small part to their unfashionable political stance. In recent weeks they had swung inexplicably from staunch Republican to rabid fascist. Features like *The Camp Humor of Ilse Koch* and *Best Weekend Cuts* by Klaus Barbie had sent sales plummeting – yet Wurst himself disclaimed involvement.

Who, then, was pressuring the print unions to produce this garbage? Who was trying to blacken the Wurst family name? Who was gonna help me shove this wooden spoon between Dorking's teeth to stop him biting off his tongue as he thrashed and screamed on the floor? Count Wurst suddenly slumped on to the table with an unpleasant crunch.

"Oh, goody, goody!" came a muffled cry from the direction of the Iron Maiden. "Rudi needs his heart pills! Get me out of here und ve can haff a qvick threesome on ze sofa before he starts to blue get!"

Disdainfully, Velma and I eyed the unconscious Count Wilhelm and the shuddering form of Sir Nigel which, with the help of Inga and Helga, we dragged across the kitchen floor to an old sofa.

"Zees epileptics, zey haff such fantastic energy, ja?"

As Velma mounted Dorking's con-

ONE EYED DICK

vulsing crotch, we discussed our plan of action, but there were problems, real problems. I couldn't understand a word Velma was saying with my schlong wedged so firmly in her kisser.

Three days later, when the KY had run out and Count Wurst was finally fit enough to be disconnected from the life support apparatus and sign a check for my first week's fee, Dorking and I made a lunch date with Jimmy Boffa, opera and ballet-loving boss of the Reamsters Union. If there was one man who could put us on the trail of the Wurst saboteurs, it was Boffa.

He ate like a pig, drank like a fish and, while Dorking sat on his lap, showed us how to tie seven different knots in one strand of spaghetti. But when I broached the subject of the trouble at Wurst Group, Boffa froze.

"Who sent you here? Whose payroll are you guys on? What the hell kind of eyeshade is the Limey wearing anyway? It clashes terribly with his leotard."

Clearly, Boffa didn't care for my line in questioning. Equally obvious, he knew something.

"Listen, boys, it ain't cool for me to be seen with the likes of you. Every guy comes around here asking questions on behalf of Wurst, dey gets eliminated. See, I'm too old for duckin' bullets. I'm happy just tending my garden and tattooing the occasional snatch. Here, see this address?"

A staccato burst of machine gun fire cut through the crowded restaurant, narrowly missing Boffa but slicing the breasts from a pasta-stuffing floozy on the next table, blowing them clean into the face of the head waiter who, horrified, vomited violently over the pianist.

"What'd I tell ya?" said Boffa, reas-

ONE EYED DICK

suringly stroking Dorking's inner thigh. He handed me the slip of paper.

I failed to see how a trip to Madam Etienne's cathouse on 42nd and 69th was going to put us on the trail of the media subversives, but vice was an area I was hot to clean up (now that I think about it, it was when I met some FBI agents in a porno theater and expressed a desire to seal off Times Square and send in the flame throwers that it was suggested I go into politics). Sir Nigel was uncharacteristically cagey about the visit, cleaning his .38 over and over, peeling the thickest damn rubber you ever saw over his limp, Limey dick.

Late Friday night was a bad time to arrive at Madam Etienne's: only the laundrywoman and a couple of mongrel dogs were up for grabs. A deafening chorus of grunts and squeaking mattress springs seemed to indicate the recession was having little effect on business.

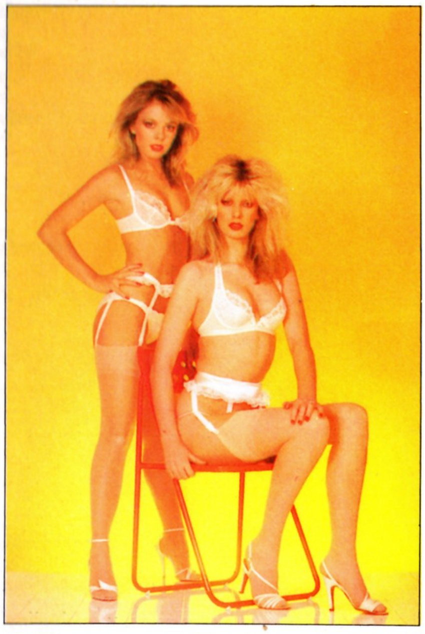
"What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

Madam Etienne stood at the top of the staircase, her formerly transparent nightgown now stiff with the countless emissions of previous callers. A pearl handled Derringer was thrust menacingly into her garter belt.

"Uh, Big Jimmy sent us, Ma'm. We're private investigators looking to get a lead on a case. Jimmy said you and your girls might be able to help."

"Sure. Have that little freak in the schoolgirl outfit come up here and lap my pussy, and I'll see if I can oblige."

As the English aristo, whimpering and retching, lapped at her pustulating pussy, Madam Etienne revealed how she and her girls had been hired *en masse* on several occasions, to service the needs of the workforce at Wurst Newspapers, no less. She took hold of



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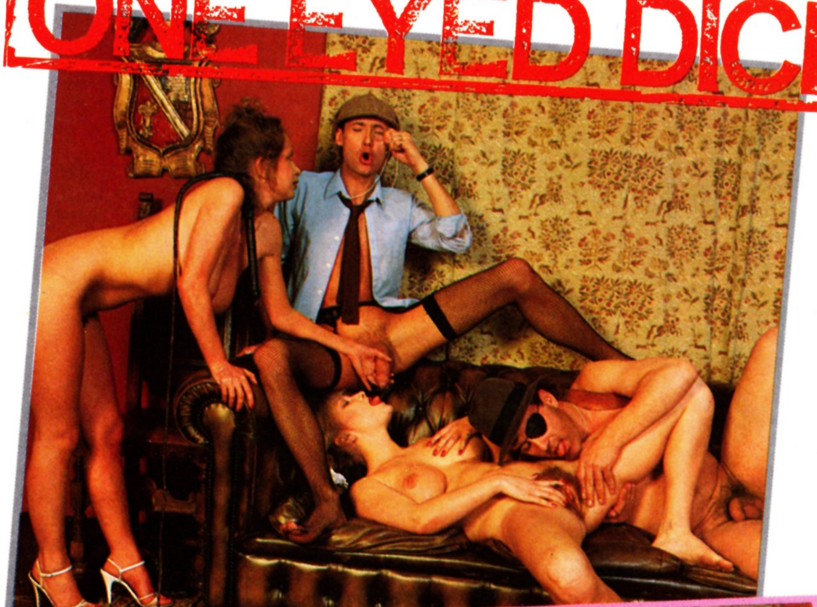
ONE EYED DICK



Sir Nigel's ears, pulling his face back in line with her malodorous box.

"Now if you two gentlemen would like to amuse yourselves with Annie and Fanny here . . ."

She stamped her foot and two whores emerged from a boudoir.

"Uh, I should explain, Ma'm, that you're addressing none other than One-Eyed Dick, the Kleen Krusader. In my quest for the Truth, I am beyond mere human weakness and . . ."

"Don't listen to him, girls," Dorking interjected, lifting his skirt and jiggling his rubber-clad dick obscenely. "I've got a fucking great hard-on and it needs some exercise. You can stuff your Krusade up your ass, old chap. I'm going to get laid even if it kills me!"

So saying, my loyal cohort bundled the larger-breasted of the two hookers into a vacant bedroom. Minutes later, just as my dick was being tempted to the point of discomfort by the spectacle of two of Madam Etienne's finest recruits playing the gynecological equivalent of hunt the thimble on a pool table, there came a bloodcurdling scream from the direction of Dorking's bedchamber.

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I WAS PRECEDED BY TWO SHOTGUN BLASTS

I kicked the door open to discover him writhing in agony on the bed, clutching his groin, the whore's false teeth embedded in his cock. He looked up, ashen-faced.

"You know something, old man? I think we've been set up. Get after Madam Etienne before she disappears – and get me a dentist!"

But I was preceded by two shotgun blasts from the vicinity of Madam Etienne's office. As she lay, face up, on the floor, her ample breasts now resembling two double portions of steak tartare, it seemed somebody was trying to tell me something. Like: "Get your ass off the Wurst payroll or it'll be you next."

"Dorking," I reasoned, "we'd better get our asses off the Wurst payroll or it'll be us next."

"Too right, old chap!" Sir Nigel panted, manically tearing the undergarments from the unconscious whore who lay spread-eagled beside the bed and trying them for size.

"Hold it right there, you guys. You ain't going nowhere."

A sinister white-coated figure stood in the doorway, menacingly brandishing a kingsize hypodermic.

"My basic call-out fee is 50 bucks and nobody leaves this building until I get it."

It was the dentist. As he lowered the car jack into place and proceeded to lever the offending teeth from Sir Nigel's dick, the deadly nature of our game became more evident still. What was Dorking's cock today could be my neck tomorrow.

Who but who had paid to schlep Madam Etienne's entire whoreforce to the Wurst shopfloor? More worrying still, what type of Americans were they, letting themselves be coerced into printing such hateful right wing propaganda in return for a few blow jobs? Didn't nobody have principles any more?

The whore Sir Nigel had so viciously slugged regained consciousness.

"Hey Mister – you ever had head from a toothless gal? Boy, you haven't lived!"

So saying, she whipped my protest-

continued on page 46

ONE EYED DICK

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IN NEED OF SOME KIND OF A LIFT

continued from page 37

ing prong from my pants and gave me her glorious gums, while the dentist dutifully bound Dorking's pitiful prick with an elasticated bandage.

I was no stranger to seeing a guy's opinions suddenly and inexplicably change due to threats of violence or offers of cash, but this mind-blowing gum-job proved just how powerful a motivating force sex can be – especially when offered to the poor sex starved saps at Wurst Newspapers. My jism cascaded down her throat.

Back in the office little had changed. Unpaid bills littered the doormat, the john had overflowed, a curious layer of blue fungus covered a half-eaten pastrami sandwich on my desk top and a lurid, spreading stain on the ceiling indicated that the wino in the room above had finally committed suicide.

Sir Nigel offered a thousand opinions on how to tie up the case, his enthusiasm due in no small part to his having persuaded the dentist to inject his penis not with morphine, but pharmaceutical cocaine. Hell, I was the one in need of some kind of a lift – we were due to meet Velma to give her a progress report.

Lunch was agonizing, not only for Dorking (the effects of whose anesthetic had worn off) but for me: Velma produced the latest editions, very strong on items like *Mein Kampf – Sassy New Serialization.*

Velma's wrath at our comparative lack of progress was subdued when I took her, a bottle of J.D. and a multi-head vibrator back to the office. Taking pity on Sir Nigel's sexual incapacity, Velma let him eat her box while I consoled myself with her mouth.

It was precisely at that moment that I realized exactly how I could get on top of the Wurst case.

WHAT is One-Eyed Dick's scam?

WILL he come to a sticky end or will he find the Kleenex?

FIND all the answers in next month's installment of ONE-EYED DICK! ♣

ONE EYED DICK

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Fang-Tastic...

Photographs by Sarah Joyce

. . . that was the verdict of our bloodthirsty friend after he'd had his evil way with the lovely Chrissie, who did her darnedest to show old Drac that, this time, he'd maybe just bitten off a bit more than he could chew.

As you can see, she succeeded in ruffling his cloak not a little bit.

And for the first time ever, we bring you pictures of the Transylvanian Top Man actually giving instead of taking.

However, we didn't manage to find out how often he fucks his other fanciable victims. He'd changed into a bat and was off squealing through the window before we had a chance to ask.♣

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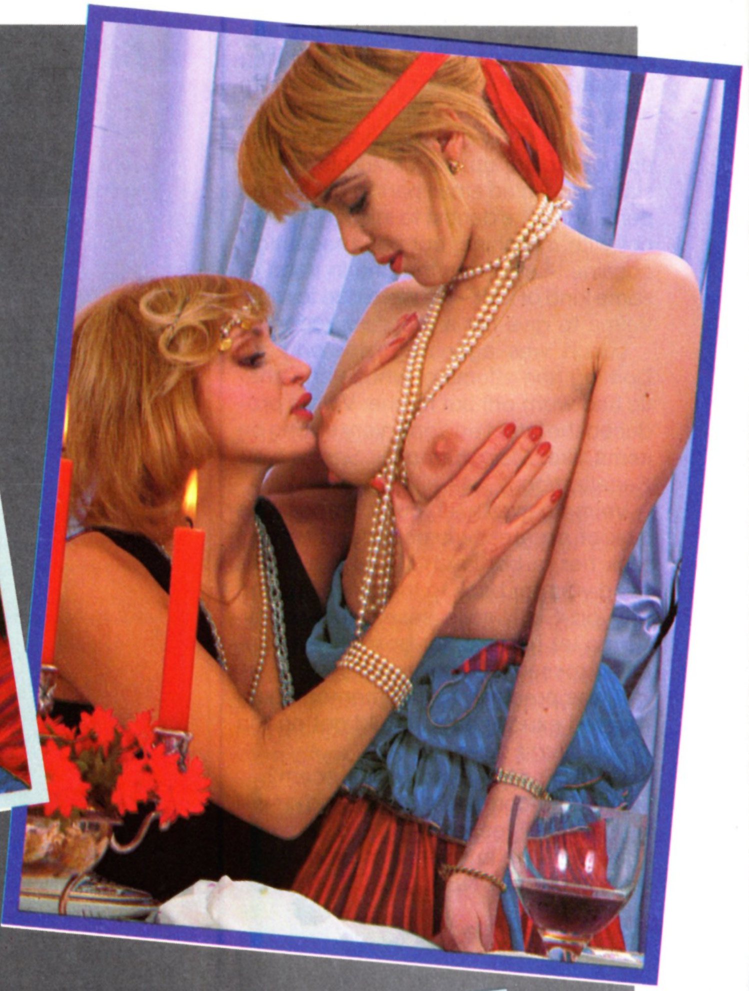

Tea for Two

No wonder the pussycat leapt onto the table! We can only envy it for getting so close to the action.

Cute little thing though he is, it has to be said that the other pussies on show make a whole lot better viewing. Bet they're better to stroke, too.

Can't work out, though, why Cindy and Janice bothered to set the table – it would appear food was always the last thing on their minds, although, to be fair, their mouths were always too full to contemplate anything as mundane as eating.♣

Photographs by Sarah Joyce

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POUNDS PER SQUARE FLINCH

Tape it to the limit

Yeah, we thought they'd dry up too, guys, but the tide of young ladies with mountainous melons just keeps on flowing.

And so, *CI* can present yet another stunning example of over-endowment to keep you gazing in wonderment until next time 'round.

Jodie's a girl who sure knows how to make the most of her considerable bodily attributes. But not content with merely stripping off and letting us get on with the job of letching over what must qualify as an enormous pair by anybody's standards, Jodie's provided conclusive evidence by stretching a tape measure to its very limits of usefulness.

As if our camera would lie . . . ♣

POUNDS PER SQUARE FLINCH

PRIVATE WIVES

"When the cat's away . . ." takes on a whole new meaning for Karen and Kitten who, whatever it is they're doing, sure ain't playing. This is serious stuff, guys.

"She sometimes gets a bit rough," explains Karen. "But I can handle her alright. If she starts scratching, I sink my teeth into her tit, and that sorts her out."

A Kitten with her claws out, huh?

"We're really the best of friends," smiles Kitten, "but when the time comes to get to grips with each other, well . . . that's different.

"We've both tried wrestling with guys, but they're useless – you only need to grab their balls and that's the end of the contest."

Wouldn't you just *love* to bump into them in a dark alley . . . ?♣

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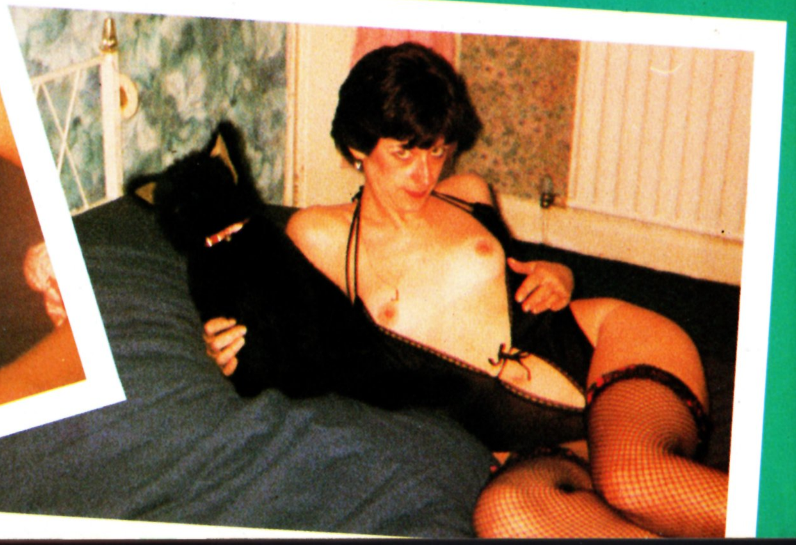
AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

These pages are available to you to show off any object you hold dear to your heart. We pay $50 for each entry published, irrespective of the number of photos published. All photos submitted must include the model's name and address. Real names will be held upon request. Please address your contributions to Affectionately Yours, c/o *Club International*, P.O. Box 5600, Newtown, CT 06470.

Right: Claudia's a plumpish little lady who's into having a real fun time.

Below: If you're into soft furry pussies, Louise from Washington D.C.'s the one for you.



Above: Susie has the kind of sex appeal that would have any healthy man singin' in the rain.

Left: More of the smooth tunnel look from Jay of North Carolina.

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

Right: How about getting together with Ann and having a taste of what she has to offer?

Below: Debbie's a curvy lady who'll bring a flush to your cheeks . . . among other things.

Above: You wouldn't need as many as three steps to get you to heaven with Pauline.

Below: Dawn is a living wet dream come true.

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

Below: You sure have to be a 100 percent man to take on a 100 percent woman like Mary.

Above: Samantha's body is a dream, says JS. Yeah – it looks it!

If you ever thought there was such a thing as the perfect woman, Mira is it.

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

Top: Kerry's a lady who's well-placed – at the top of the page!

Left: Those who say blondes have more fun could be right. Right?

Right: Janet looks most inviting. And what sane man could refuse an offer like that – given the chance?

Below: Carole from New England tells us she doesn't have to use force to get what she wants. We believe you, Carole. ♣

LUCKY BREAK

Jessica, from Michigan, is a gal who sure as hell deserves a lucky break. She's the next of our readers who wants to use the more than willing pages of *Club International* to show the rest of the world just what she's got . . . and ain't it sumthin' else?

"Quite a few guys I've fucked have told me I have the best pussy they've ever come across," Jessica tells us, "so I thought I'd let others see what they think." Somehow, we don't think we'll need to bother carrying out a reader survey to find out.

And, ladies, if you, like Jessica, want to make a start on that long road to the top, why not use *CI*? As well as making our readers very happy, it could be a very profitable shop window for your talents.♣